JIM MAHFOOD

ALAN C. MARTIN

EVERYBODY LOVES TANK GIRL

TITAN

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SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

TANK GIRL

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The Winner of our 16th Annual Australian Swearing Competition (over on our official Tank Girl Facebook page) was Heather Breidenstein, with the rather brilliant NUCLEAR FUCKOUT. Congratulations Heather, the winner of some signed goodies. More competitions will be announced soon on Fb!

HI. MY NAME'S TANK GIRL. YOU PROBABLY RECOGNISE ME FROM SUCH TV SHOWS AS "SAVED BY THE BALL", "THE GHOSTS OF MÖTLEY CRÜE", "GOD'S GREAT HAIRY BROWN BALLSACK" AND "STICK-IT-IN MASTERS".

BUT I'M HERE TODAY TO SHOW YOU AROUND THE PLACE AND LET YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHY I'M CALLED TANK GIRL.

FIRST UP IS THE TANK ITSELF. AS YOU CAN SEE, I'VE MADE ONE OR TWO MINOR MODIFICATIONS SINCE I LIBERATED IT FROM THE AUSTRALIAN ARMY...

PSST... TANK GIRL... PSST!

INTRODUCING TANK GIRL, IN: TABLE, BED AND CHAIR.

BY MAHFOOD!

WITH GHOST BUM.

KEITH SUCKS

AND SNUGGLES.

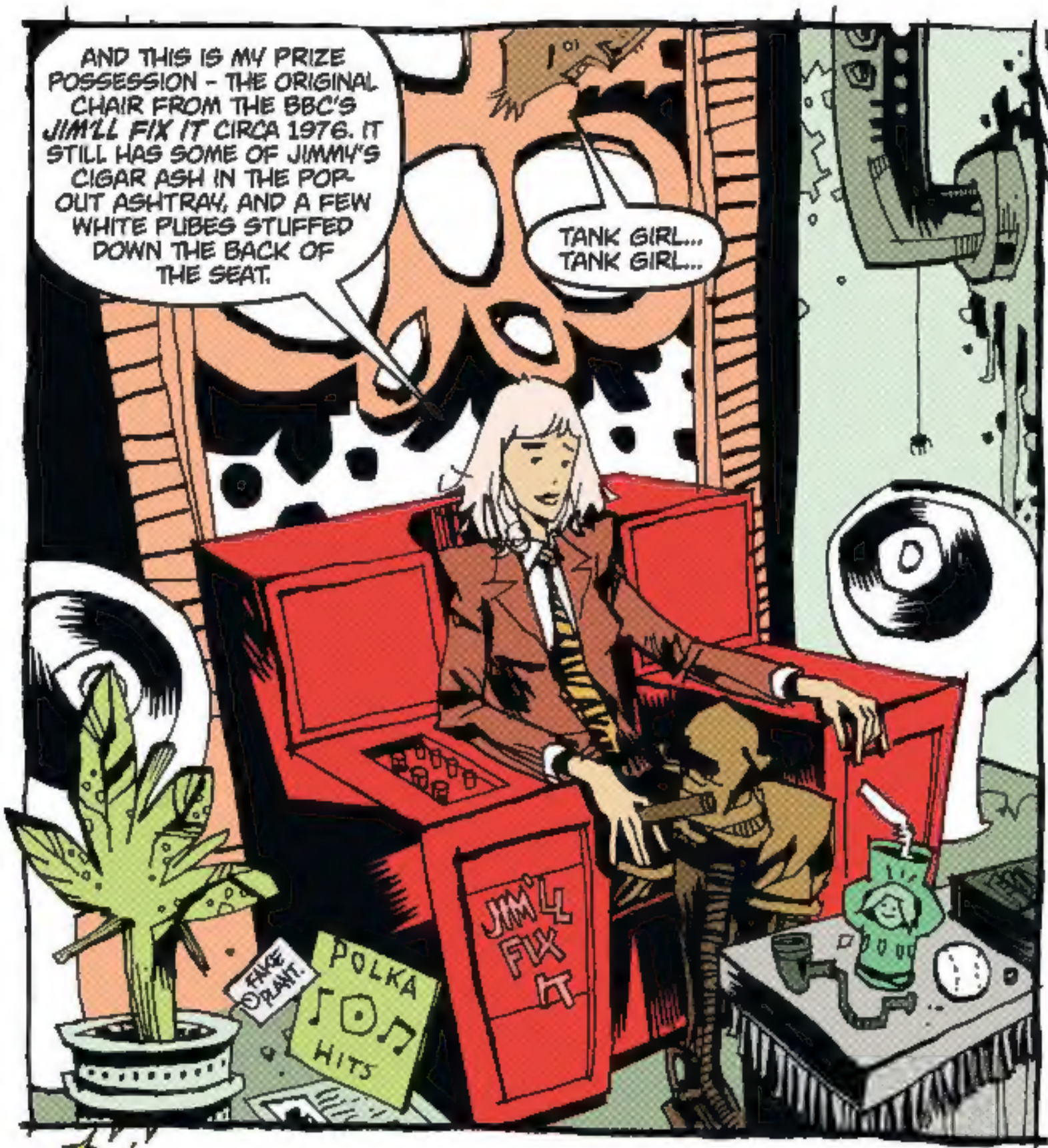
AND MARTIN!

BELL BIN DEVOE

MOSE ON COLOR.

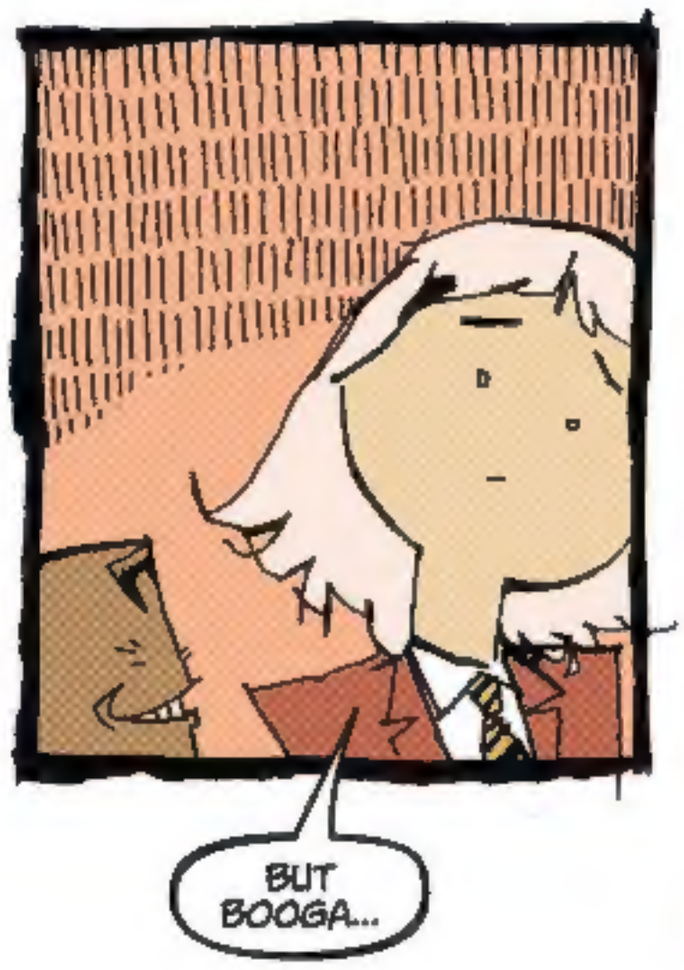
AND FISH.

INTERNALLY I'VE REPLACED THE ENGINE WITH A TWO-STROKE MERLIN BEEFSTEAK RECTAL CHUNDERBUS, AND I'VE RECONFIGURED THE ONBOARD COMPUTER TO WINDOWS 95.
C'MON, LET'S TAKE A LOOK INSIDE, IT'S JUICY...
PAT! PAT!
OF COURSE, ON BOARD WE HAVE EVERY CONCEIVABLE MODERN CONVENIENCE, INCLUDING HOT RUNNING WATER, ALL FOUR OF THE MAIN TELEVISION CHANNELS, AND TOASTING FACILITIES...
PSST... TANK GIRL...YOU GOTTA LISTEN TO ME...
DAN
THIS IS MY BED. IT USED TO BELONG TO MY GREAT, GREAT UNCLE GONZO, BUT HE DIED IN A COMPLICATED BAKING ACCIDENT, SO THE BED WAS BEQUEATHED TO ME. PRETTY FUCKING LUCKY, HUH?
TANK GIRL, GIVE ME A MOMENT, PLEASE...
THIS IS MY TABLE. ONE OF THE LEGS NEARLY CAME OFF THE OTHER DAY, BUT, THANKS TO MY QUICK THINKING AND A TUBE OF STRONG WOOD GLUE, I MANAGED TO FIX IT BEFORE ANY PERMANENT DAMAGE WAS DONE.
THE CARS
PRAXIS
FUNKADELIC
MASCOT BRAIN

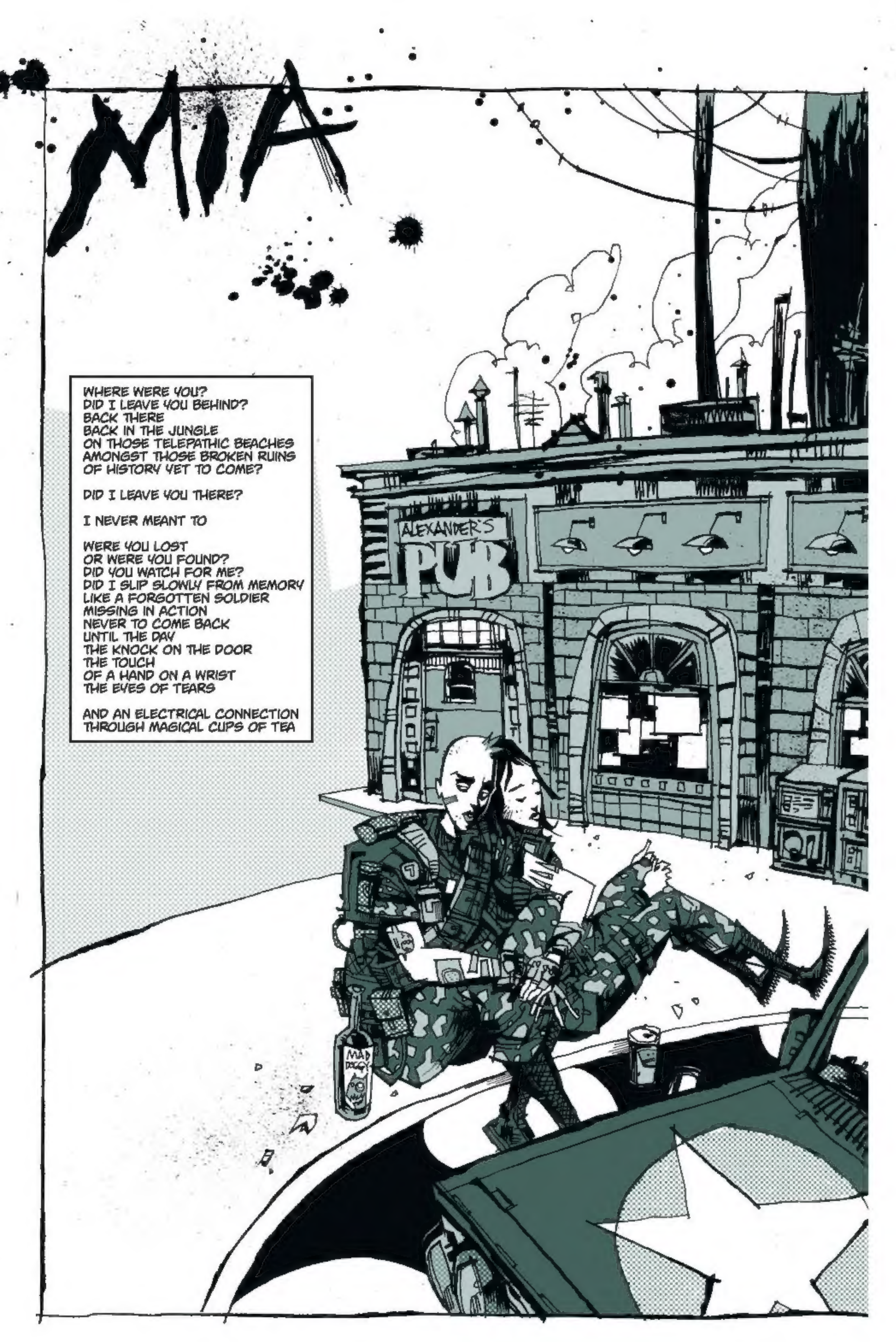

AND THIS IS MY PRIZE POSSESSION - THE ORIGINAL CHAIR FROM THE BBC'S JIM'LL FIX IT CIRCA 1976. IT STILL HAS SOME OF JIMMY'S CIGAR ASH IN THE POP-OUT ASHTRAY, AND A FEW WHITE PUBES STUFFED DOWN THE BACK OF THE SEAT.
TANK GIRL... TANK GIRL...
JIM'LL FIX IT
POLKA HITS
FAKE PLANT.

TANK GIRL! AHHHH!
OUFFF! HOW'S ABOUT THAT THEN?!
SPILL!!
CRASH!

LISTEN, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU. THIS IS REALLY IMPORTANT...
...LOOK AT THIS... WE'VE HAD A LETTER IN THE POST, IT'S FROM THE JUSTIN BOOBIE FAN CLUB - "A CHANCE TO WIN A HUNDRED SIGNED COPIES OF HIS LATEST ALBUM"
JUSTIN BOOBIE FAN CLUB NEWSLETTER
FOR EXTREMELY YOUNG AND STUPID GIRLS.


BUT BOOGA...

...I DON'T WANT A HUNDRED SIGNED COPIES OF JUSTIN BOOBIE'S LATEST ALBUM.
SPARK!
END.


MIA
WHERE WERE YOU?
DID I LEAVE YOU BEHIND?
BACK THERE
BACK IN THE JUNGLE
ON THOSE TELEPATHIC BEACHES
AMONGST THOSE BROKEN RUINS
OF HISTORY YET TO COME?
DID I LEAVE YOU THERE?
I NEVER MEANT TO
WERE YOU LOST
OR WERE YOU FOUND?
DID YOU WATCH FOR ME?
DID I SLIP SLOWLY FROM MEMORY
LIKE A FORGOTTEN SOLDIER
MISSING IN ACTION
NEVER TO COME BACK
UNTIL THE DAY
THE KNOCK ON THE DOOR
THE TOUCH
OF A HAND ON A WRIST
THE EYES OF TEARS
AND AN ELECTRICAL CONNECTION
THROUGH MAGICAL CUPS OF TEA
ALEXANDER'S
PUB
MAD DOGG

GODDAMN SON-OF-A-CUNT!!

WHERE DID THESE BASTARDS COME FROM? HOW THE HELL DID THEY KNOW WE WERE HERE? AND WHERE THE FUCK DID THEY GET THOSE EXCELLENT SUITS FROM?

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

BOOGA! FLAMETHROWER! QUICK AS YOU LIKE!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

HONK!

SPECIAL TWO FOR ONE SALE THIS WEEK ONLY!

OKEY FEDOKEY.

THE BIG BOTTLE OF SAMBUCA IF YOU PLEASE, BARKEEP.

YOU CAN KEEP THE CHANGE.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

BARNEY! ZIPPO!

TANK GIRL! YESSO!

CLICK! CLICKY! CLICKO! (EMPTY.)

DIG! DIG! DIG!

← DEAD DUDES →

ZIPPO-

CHINK!

GOMP!

EVERYBODY LOVES
TANK GIRL
PART ONE: FELDMAN HAIM
UNOFFICIAL SOUNDS BY DANNY BROWN: XXX
BY THAT DUDE
UNHOLY
AND THE HONEYBOY
MARTIN
FRYING TONIGHT!!
AND THE QUARTERBACK IS TOAST!
AGAIN.
DAG.
AH! FUCK ME!
FIRE! NO! STOP!
BOOM

POOT.
HMMM, TASTY. ANYONE GOT A CHERRY?
AH! FUCK ME! I'M BURNING! I'M DYING! LATER. URGH.
LET'S TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT OUR CRISPY FRIENDS.
SHIT. IT'S ONLY SIDNEY "SWOLLEN" MACFARTY, SECOND-IN-COMMAND OF THE NOTORIOUSLY EVIL ARTY FARTY GANG.
THIS IS A BIG FUCK-UP. WE MUST EXPECT HEAVY RETRIBUTION - THE WHOLE CREW WILL BE DOWN ON US FOR THIS BLOODBATH.
THEY MAY HAVE ONLY BEEN AFTER OUR BREAD, BUT NOW THEY'LL BE WANTING OUR NUTS FOR DESSERT TOO.
LET'S GET BACK TO THE RANCH AND HOPE ARTY FARTY DOESN'T KNOW WHERE WE LIVE.
LATER THAT AFTERNOON...
PING! PONG!
THE DOOR BELL, YA'LL!
BRUCE MUTHA FUCKIN' LEE
SHIT IT! THAT MUST BE THE ARTY FARTY GANG! HERE TO ROAST OUR WILLIES OVER A SLOW FLAME.

COOL YOUR BOOTS, MAN, IT'S ONLY OUR NEIGHBORS FROM DOWN THE ROAD.

RING! STRESS! FANGLE!

WHAT? OH SHIT, SHIT, AND DOUBLE SHIT. I CLEAN FORGOT - I'M SUPPOSED TO BE BABYSITTING FOR THEM.

YIP YIP YIP

HELLO, MISTER AND MISSES HAIM, HOW LOVELY TO SEE YOU.

THIS IS FELDMAN. HE'S A SEVEN YEAR-OLD BOY, AS YOU CAN PLAINLY SEE.

BIG ASS WAFFLE AWARD #1

YUM!

TONKA

SERIOUSLY? YOUR SURNAME IS HAIM SO YOU DECIDED TO CALL YOUR KID FELDMAN. REALLY? YOU REALLY DID THAT? I MEAN CONSCIOUSLY?

YEAH, SURE THING. WHY NOT?

HE'S PRETTY QUIET. I'M GONNA MAKE IT A REALLY MELLOW WEEK FOR HIM AND TRY TO FILL IT WITH ALL THE REGULAR STUFF THAT SEVEN YEAR-OLD BOYS LOVE TO DO...

OKAY, FELDMAN, LET'S SETTLE DOWN IN FRONT OF THE OL' TV WITH A BAG OF CHEESY HOOVES AND WATCH SOME MINDLESS KID'S SHOWS.

SO WHAT'S ON? THE DUKES OF MULLET? WELCOME BACK, CODGER? THE FARTRIDGE FAMILY?

URGHH!! DIE SCUM!! BLAST!! POOP!!

NINJA #2

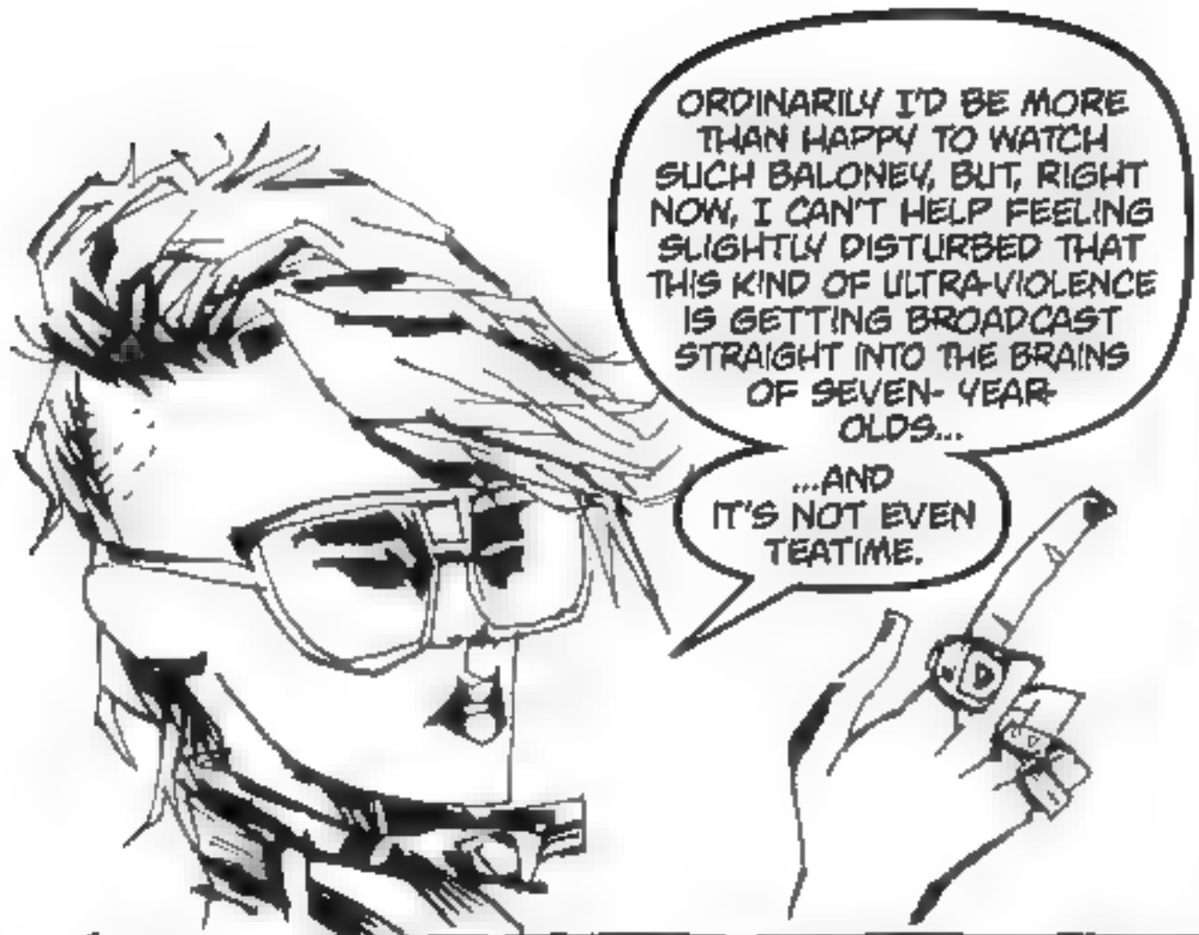
MEDAL OF DUTY.

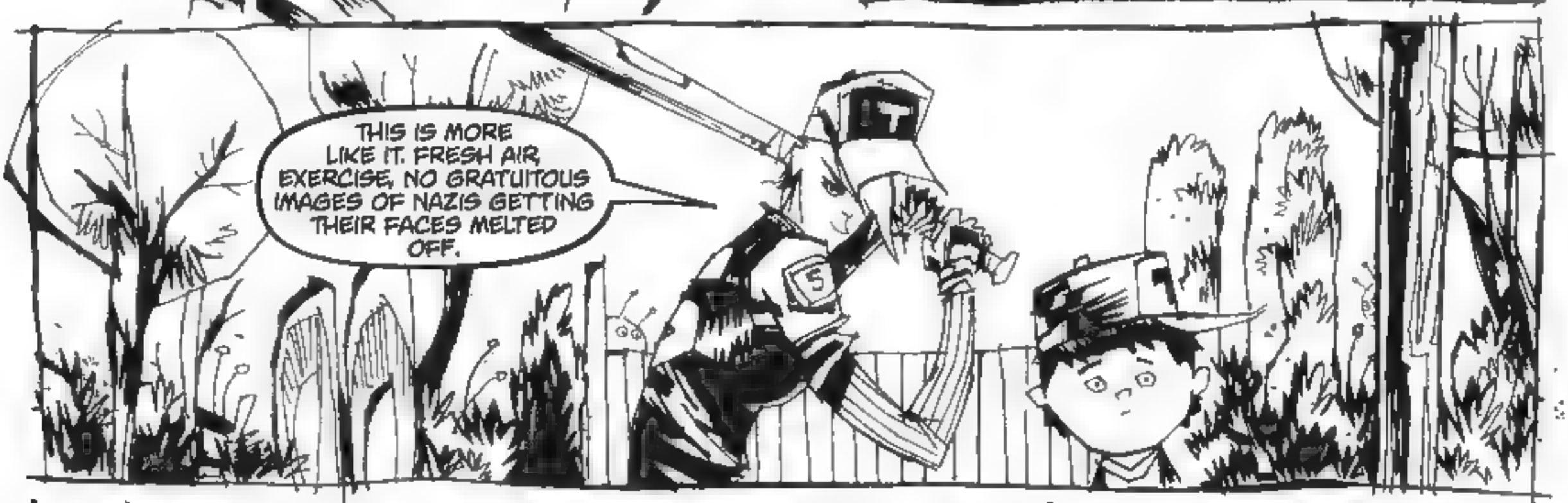
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS RUBBISH?

MEDAL OF DUTY. IT'S A CARTOON BASED ON A VIDEO GAME, WHICH WAS BASED ON A WAR, WHICH WAS BASED ON SOMEBODY WANTING TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD. IT'S ALL KINDS OF AWESOMENESS.

BLAST! BANG!! BURN! BOFF!!

IT IS? REALLY?



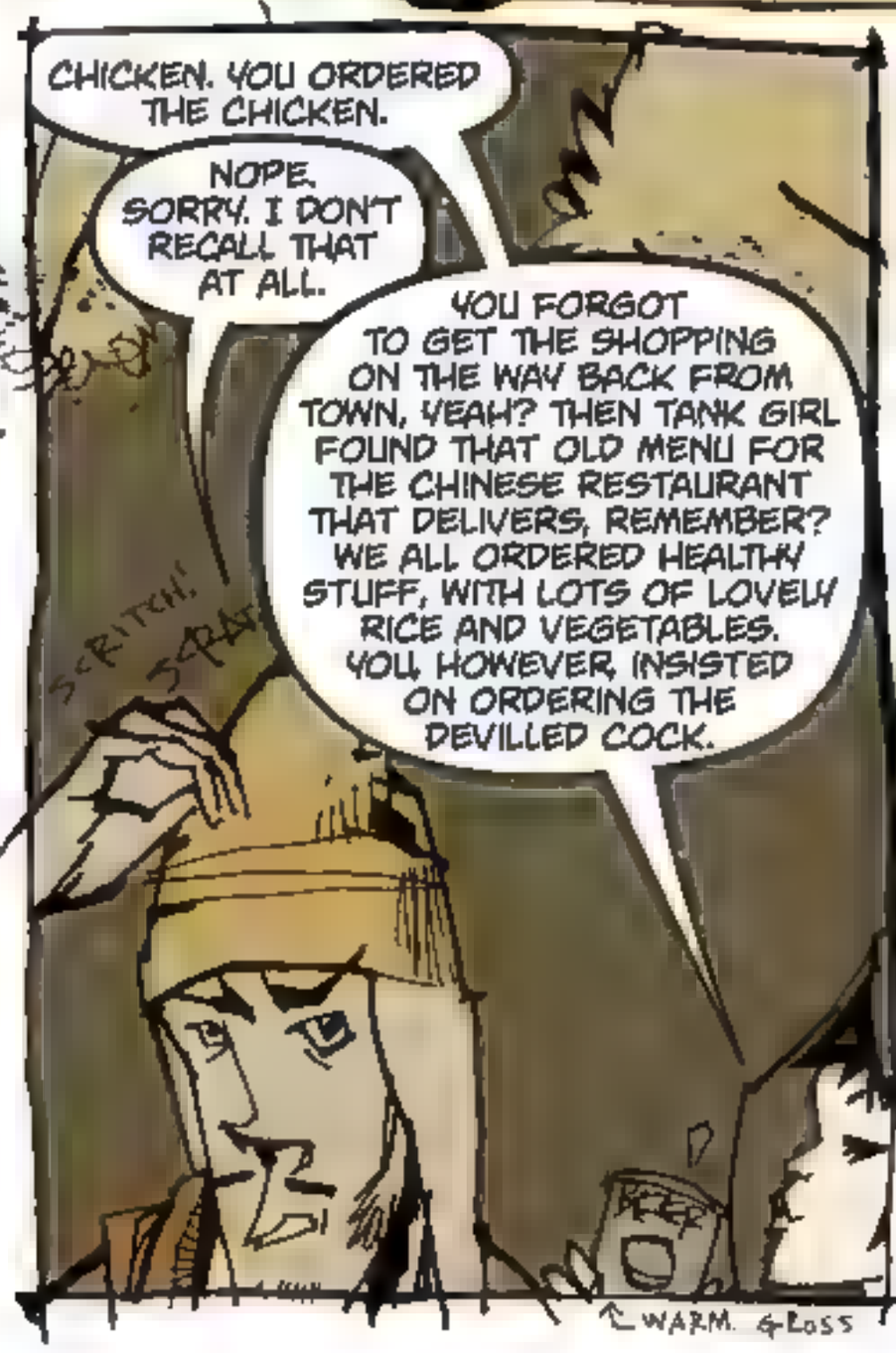


NEXT: THE HEAVY RETRIBUTION

TANK GIRL IN: THE LIE OF THE DEVILLED COCK

A MALT-3D MARTIN, ALAN MASSE COMICBOOK EXPERIENCE...

SOUNDS: THE APPLE, BLACKDOTS, FREAKY STYLEY, THE MOTHERSHIP CONNECTION



THIRTY.

THIRTY? WHAT A TOTAL SWIZZ!

THIRTY FOR YOURS. YOU PROBABLY DON'T REMEMBER THAT YOU SAID THAT YOU WOULD SPRING FOR THE REST OF US TOO?

TANK HAND

NO! NO I DON'T REMEMBER! THIS IS ALL GETTING MORE AND MORE FANTASTIC. ARE YOU SURE IT'S ME YOU'RE THINKING OF?

YEP. DEFINITELY YOU. SO YOU OWE US TWENTY-FIVE EACH. OH, AND A TENNER FOR THE TIP.

BOLLOCKS. I'M GONNA HAVE TO CONCENTRATE MORE ON ACTUAL REALITY. IMAGINE THAT - NOT BEING ABLE TO REMEMBER EATING YOUR OWN DINNER.

YEAH MAN. TAKE YOUR HEAD OUT OF YOUR ARSE ONCE IN A WHILE.

I'M THOROUGHLY BAMBOOZLED. I'D BETTER GO AND HAVE A LIE DOWN.

SO ALONE.

A NAUGHTY HOUR AND A HALF LATER...

DON'T YOU FEEL A LITTLE BIT GUILTY THAT BOOGA IS BACK AT CAMP, ALL BY HIMSELF, AND WITH AN EMPTY STOMACH, WHILE WE'RE HERE, ENJOYING A FREE FEAST THAT HE'S PAID FOR?

IF HE WAS DUMB ENOUGH TO FALL FOR THAT, THEN HE DOESN'T DESERVE TO EAT WITH US LOVELY LADIES.

HEY BARNEY, THAT LOOKS TERRIBLE. WHAT DID YOU ORDER?

MUNCH! MUNCH! <HEW!!

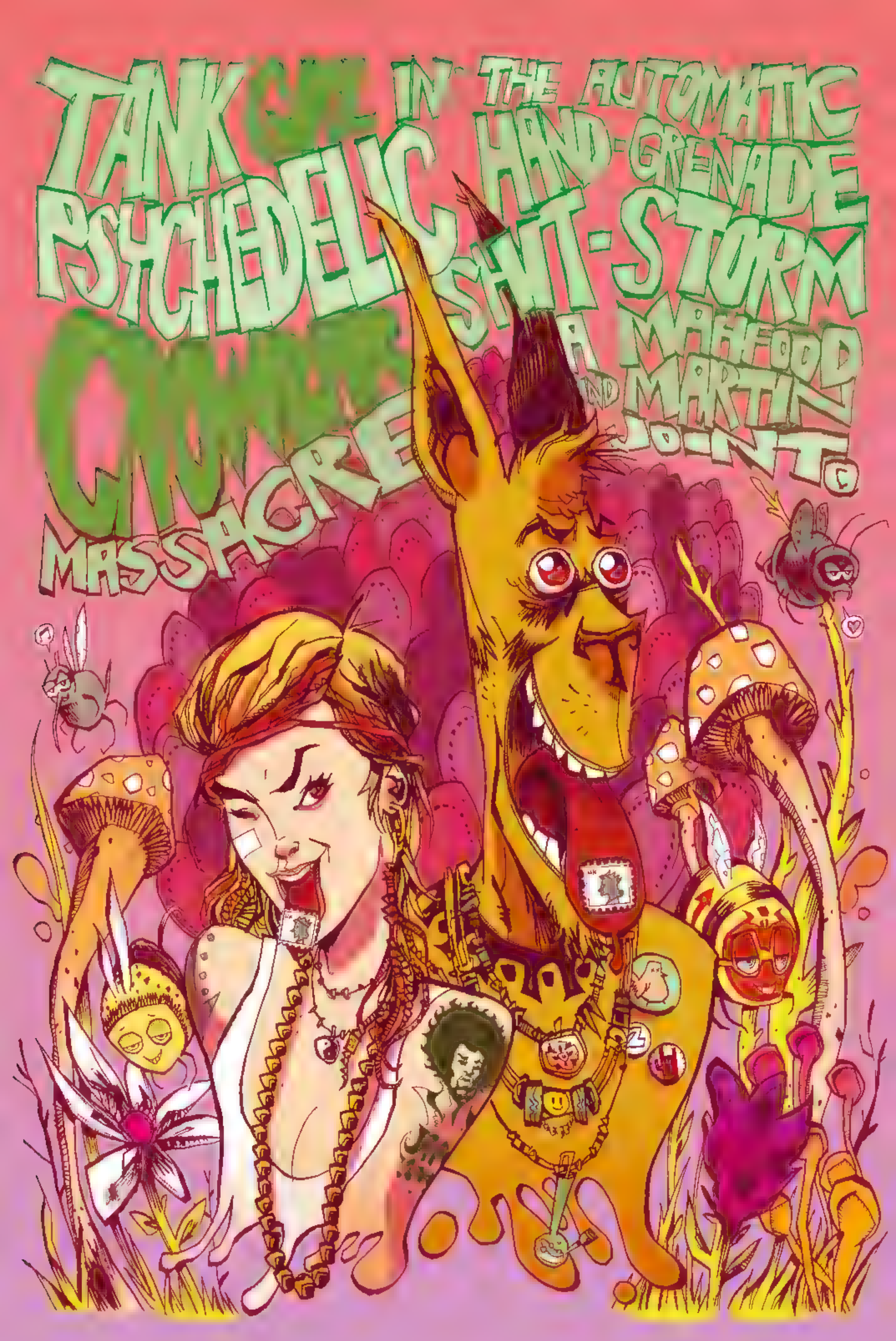
FILLET OF GRASSHOPPER RESTING ON A BED OF POACHED CLOVER STEMS, WITH STUFFED BABY WOODLICE AND A GERBIL EXCREMENT JUS.

OH CHRIST.

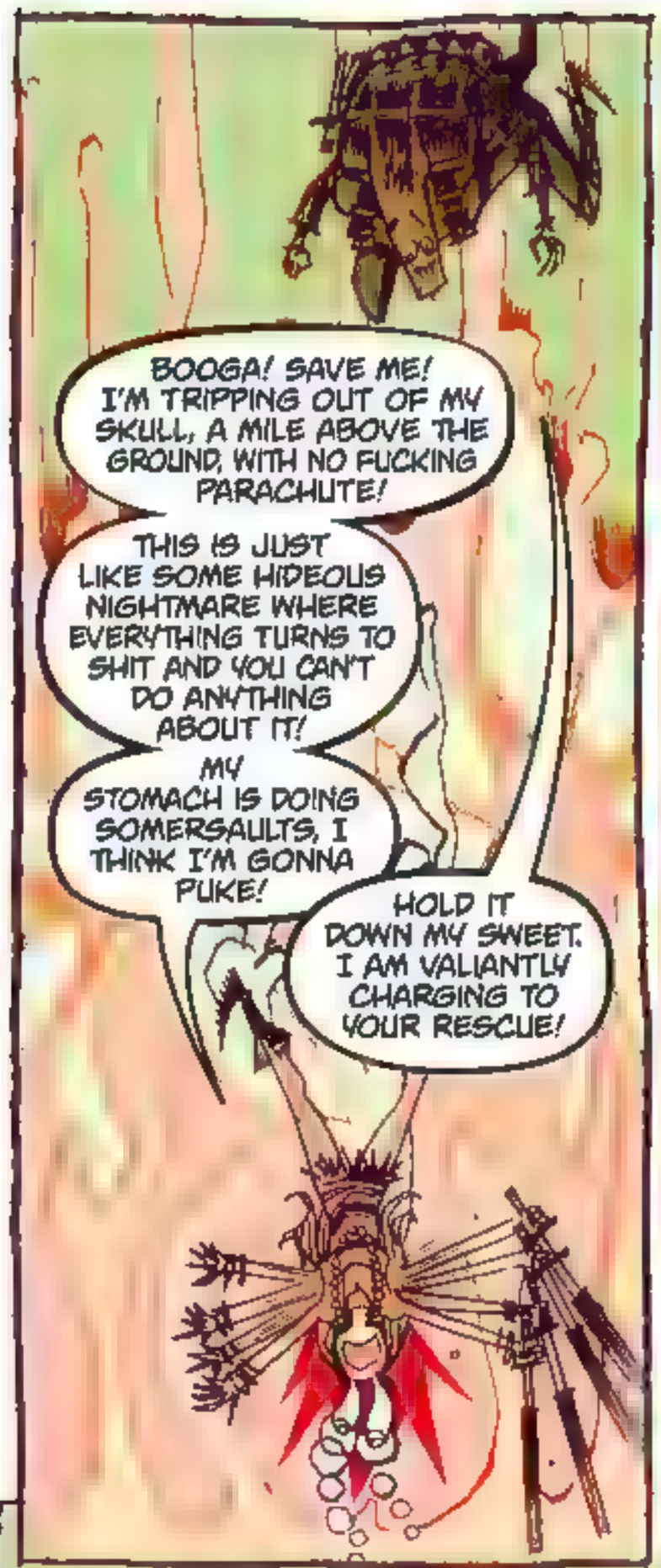
BON APPETIT

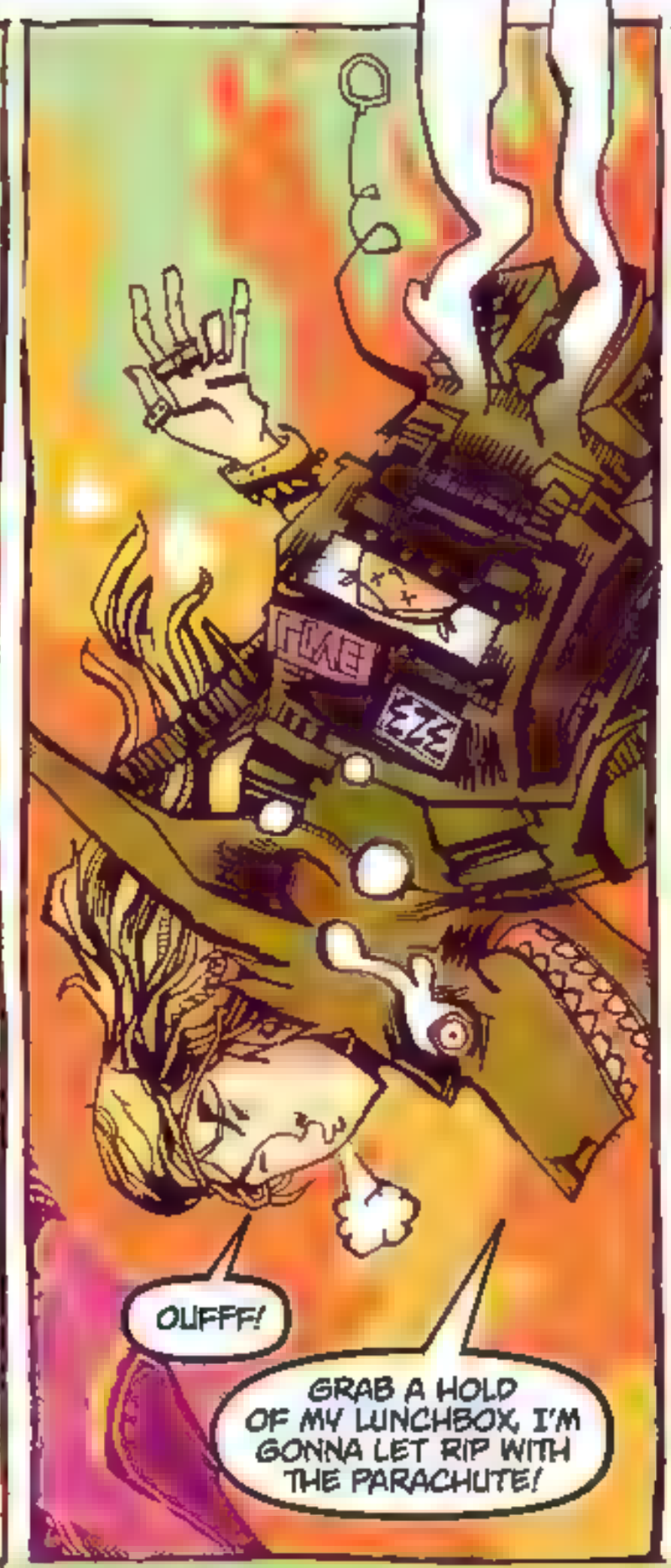
A SOUNDTRACK TO THIS PANEL BY THE FAT BOYS. WORD ©

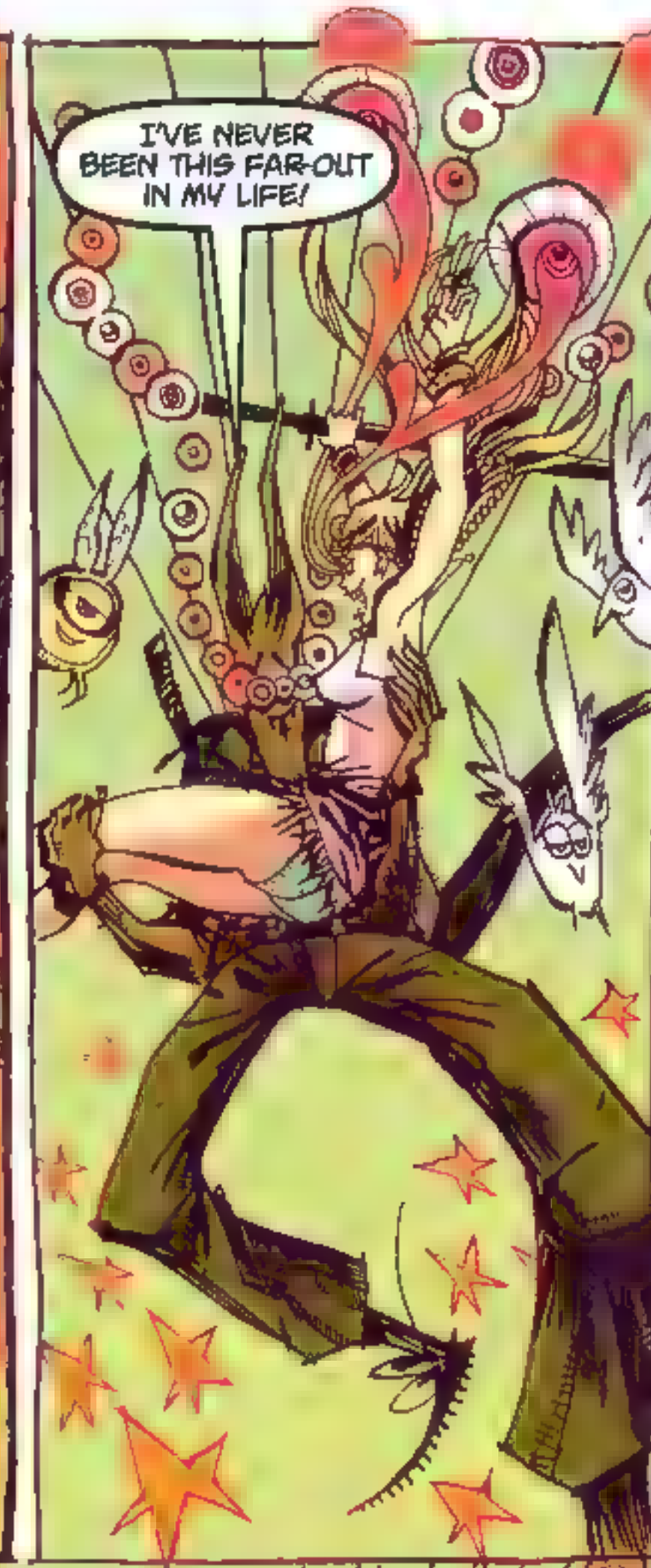
COUNTRY BOLLOCKS
YOU TOOK ME TO THE CONCERT
YOU TOOK ME TO THE BAR
YOU PLAYED IT ON THE JUKEBOX
YOU PLAYED IT IN YOUR CAR
I SAW YOU WITH THAT OTHER GIRL
YOU'D WRITTEN HER THAT SONG
AND ALL THAT YOU HAD LEFT FOR ME
WAS COUNTRY MUSIC ALL DAY LONG
I CAN'T LISTEN TO WILLIE OR DOLLY
EMMYLOU OR PEGGY SUE
I USED TO THINK ALL COUNTRY WAS BOLLOCKS
BUT NOW I KNOW IT'S JUST YOU
WEET! WEET!
BASH! BASH! BASH!
BOOP! BOOM! BOOP!
STRANG! STRANG! SUSTAIN!
FART!!!
HIC!
?


TANK GIRL IN THE AUTOMATIC HAND-GRENADE PSYCHEDELIC SHIT-STORM MASSACRE
A WARFOOD AND MARTIN JOINT ©

'KAY TEAM, THIS IS AS CLOSE AS I GET. THE DROP ZONE IS COMING UP IN THIRTY SECONDS.
GET THE DOOR OPEN AND WAIT FOR THE GREEN LIGHT!
FUCK THE LIGHT, LET'S JUMP!
LET ME GET MY HANDS ON THOSE BASTARDS!
DON'T PULL YOUR CHUTE UNTIL THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT - THEY'LL BE LESS LIKELY TO SPOT US IN FREEFALL.
THEY'LL SURE SPOT ME WHEN I START SHOVING THIS SAMURAI SWORD UP THEIR BOTTOMS!
GRAB!
SNAP!
TESTICLES.


BOOGA! SAVE ME! I'M TRIPPING OUT OF MY SKULL, A MILE ABOVE THE GROUND, WITH NO FUCKING PARACHUTE!
THIS IS JUST LIKE SOME HIDEOUS NIGHTMARE WHERE EVERYTHING TURNS TO SHIT AND YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!
MY STOMACH IS DOING SOMERSAULTS, I THINK I'M GONNA PUKE!
HOLD IT DOWN MY SWEET. I AM VALIANTLY CHARGING TO YOUR RESCUE!


OUFFF!
GRAB A HOLD OF MY LUNCHBOX, I'M GONNA LET RIP WITH THE PARACHUTE!

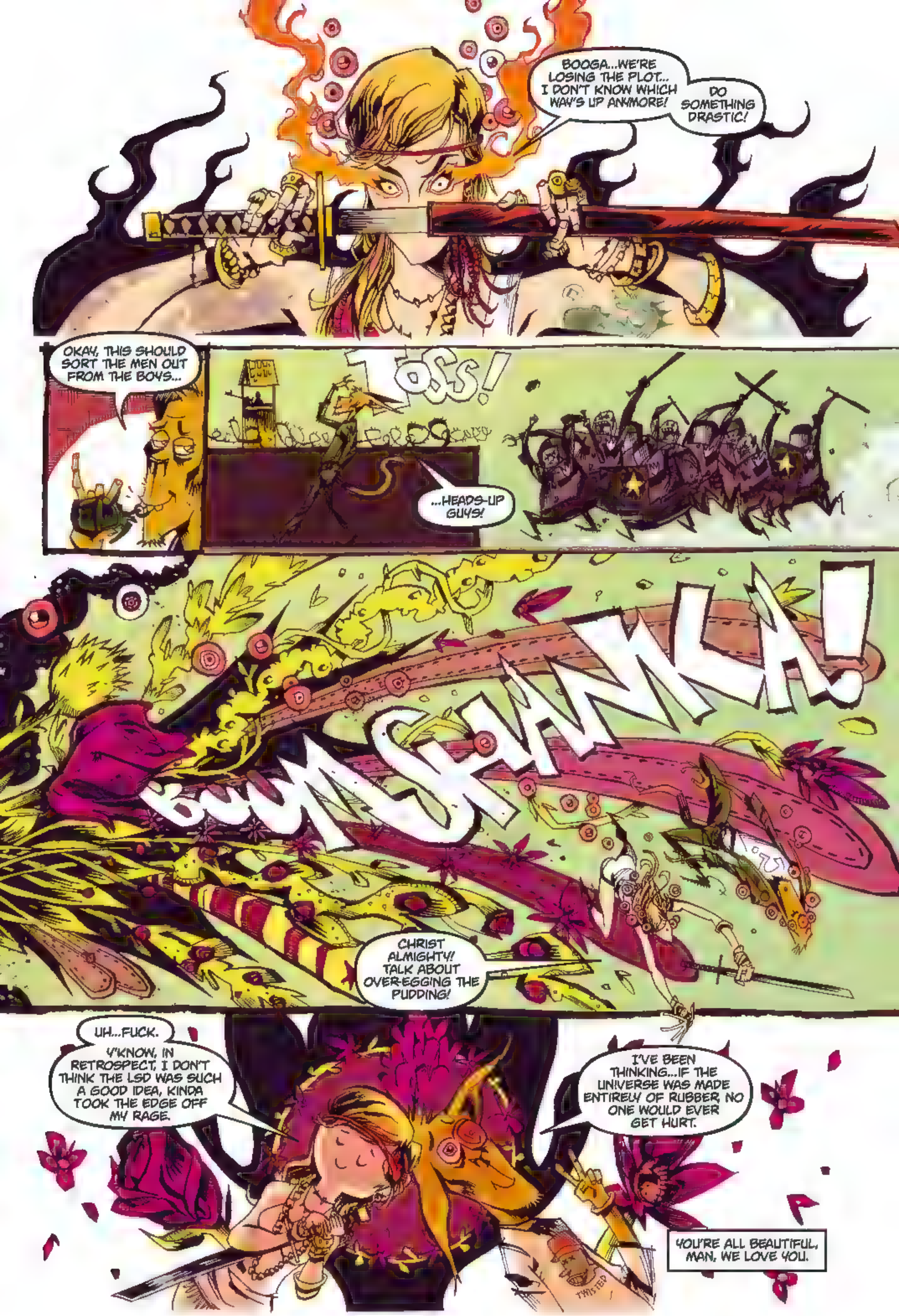

I'VE NEVER BEEN THIS FAR-OUT IN MY LIFE!

QUICKLY, BARRINGTON! RAISE THE ALARM! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! AND IT'S COMING FROM ABOVE!
TAKE THOSE FUCKERS OUT, BOOGA, AS QUIETLY AS POSSIBLE.
I'M GOING STRAIGHT FOR THE KINGPIN!
RIOT

EN GUARDE! HAVE-AT-YOU! TOUCHÉ!

SLICE!

AH...AH...AH... FUCK! YOU BITCH! YOU'VE FUCKED MY ARM!
WOW.
SERIOUSLY MAN, HOW DO YOU DO THAT? MAYBE I SHOULD HIT YOU AGAIN...SEE WHAT COMES OUT OF YOUR REAR-END!
COME ON BOOGA, GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER. IF WE DON'T ACT FAST THEY'LL BE ALL OVER US LIKE A CHEAP WHORE.
I'M UP!
FUCKING SAMURAI!
LET'S FUCK 'EM UP!
READY...
FUCKING CROWBAR!
HUH? TUMMY?!
...GO!
HUH?!
MUMMY!
SPARK!
SLICE!!
TWATS!
FUCKING FAR OUT, MAN!
CHUK!
SLIB!
PRETTY GROOVY, DADDIO!

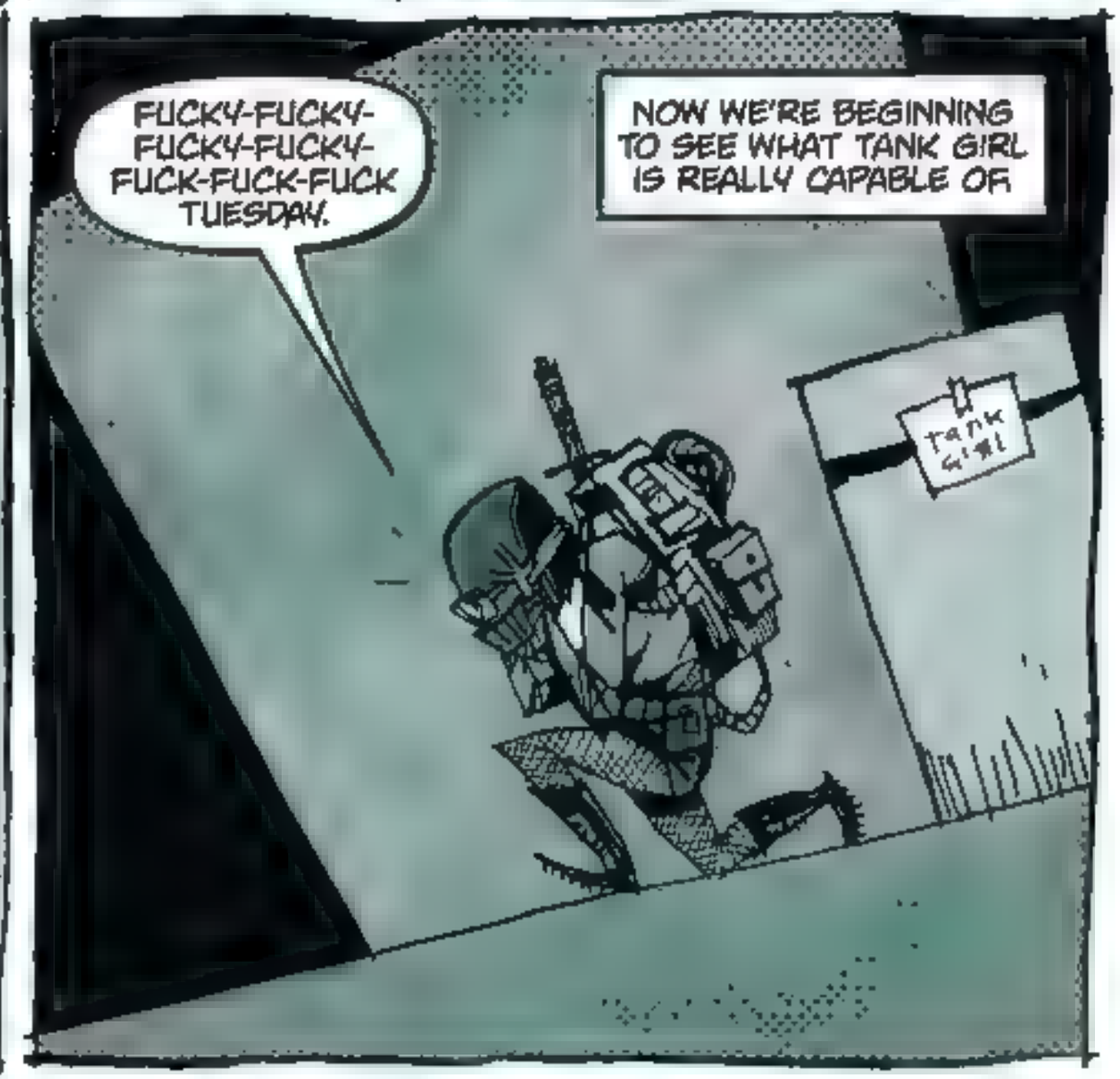

BOOGA...WE'RE LOSING THE PLOT... I DON'T KNOW WHICH WAY'S UP ANYMORE!
DO SOMETHING DRASTIC!
OKAY, THIS SHOULD SORT THE MEN OUT FROM THE BOYS...
TOSS!
...HEADS-UP GUYS!
BUMSPLAT!
CHRIST ALMIGHTY! TALK ABOUT OVER-EGGING THE PUDDING!
UH...FUCK.
Y'KNOW, IN RETROSPECT, I DON'T THINK THE LSD WAS SUCH A GOOD IDEA, KINDA TOOK THE EDGE OFF MY RAGE.
I'VE BEEN THINKING...IF THE UNIVERSE WAS MADE ENTIRELY OF RUBBER, NO ONE WOULD EVER GET HURT.
YOU'RE ALL BEAUTIFUL, MAN, WE LOVE YOU.

A HILARIOUS TANK GIRL COMIC TYPE THINGY BY MAHFOOD & MARTIN ©

A BIT OF A FALSE START THERE FOR BARNEY, BUT TANK GIRL HAS HITTING THE GROUND RUNNING...
BOLLOCK PIE AND ICE CREAM.

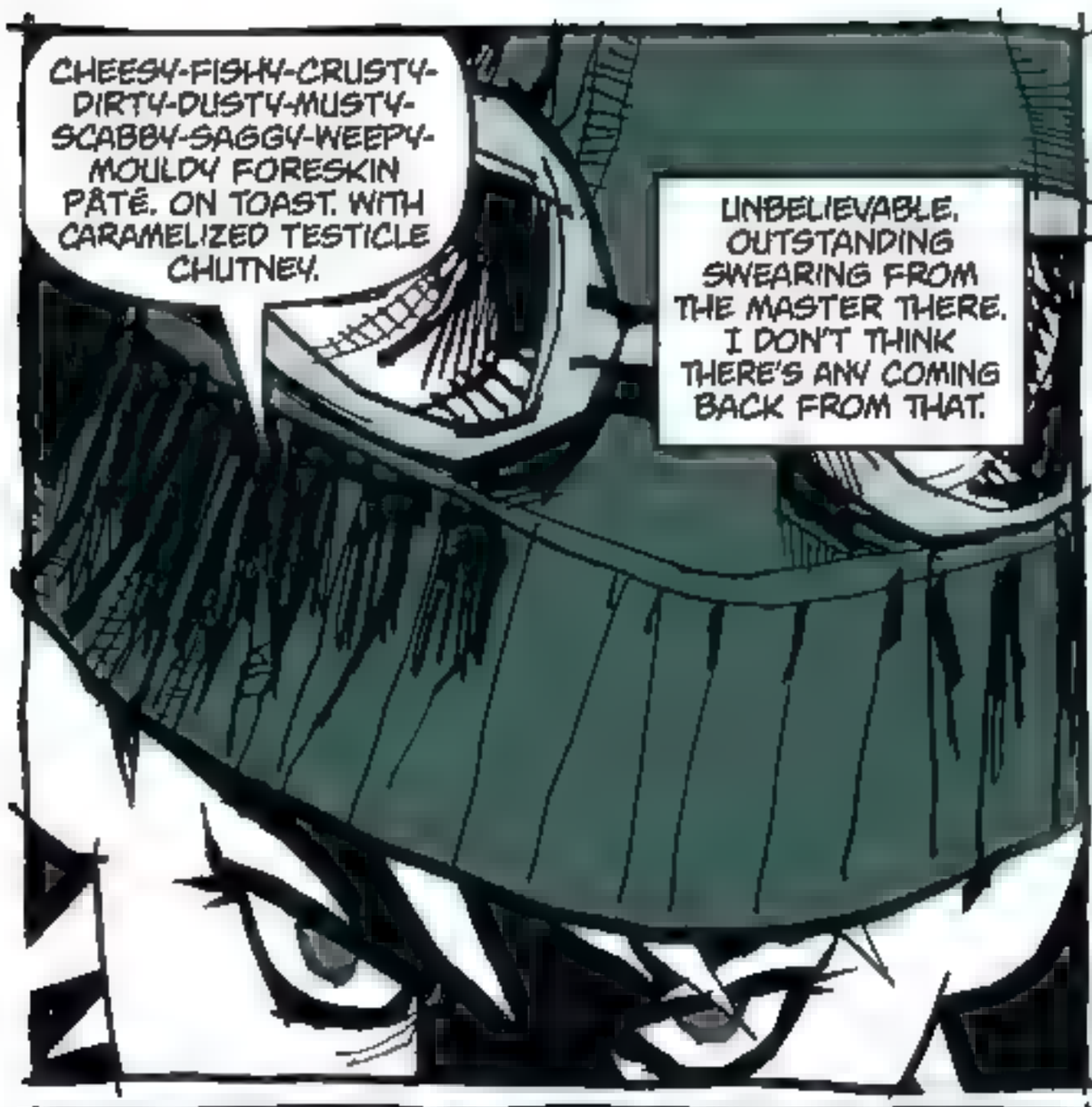
KNOB-SWEAT SANDWICH.

POO ON A STICK?
LOOKS LIKE BARNEY IS EDGING HER WAY BACK IN.
SKRITCH! SKRATCH!


FUCKY-FUCKY-FUCKY-FUCKY-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK TUESDAY.
NOW WE'RE BEGINNING TO SEE WHAT TANK GIRL IS REALLY CAPABLE OF.
TANK GIRL

COCK BUTTER.
SOME STIFF COMPETITION FROM BOOGA.

WEE-WEE?
OH DEAR, BARNEY FALLING WAY BEHIND NOW.


CHEESY-FISHY-CRUSTY-DIRTY-DUSTY-MUSTY-SCABBY-SAGGY-WEEPY-MOULDY FORESKIN PÂTÉ. ON TOAST. WITH CARAMELIZED TESTICLE CHUTNEY.
UNBELIEVABLE. OUTSTANDING SWEARING FROM THE MASTER THERE. I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY COMING BACK FROM THAT.

ARSE-POTATOES.
YES, IT'S ALL OVER FOR BOOGA, HE'S TOTALLY THROWN BY TANK GIRL'S VASTLY SUPERIOR OUTBURST.

I'M NOT PLAYING ANYMORE.
YOU ROTTEN BUNCH OF BALLBAG-SUCKING, TIT-SPUNKING, HELMET-STROKING, RING-SNIFFING, SHIT-RUBBING, UNFUCKABLE CUNTBURGERS.
BARNEY

#1
CHAMPION
BARNEY RULES!
#2
WE ♥ BARNEY!

TWIT.
THE FUCKING END.

TANK GIRL

INTRODUCING JET GIRL IN: "FREAK GONE WILD"

RAD! MALKFOOD & MARTIN FUN!!

FUCK ME! IT'S BOBBY MCSHYSTER!
OPEN!
MR MCSHYSTER FANCY SEEING YOU AGAIN.
WHAT'S ALL THE...
BASTARD!
OUCH!!!
UH...OH DEAR...

FUCKER!!
CRASH!
CHUCK HIM IN THE DITCH. AND LET'S GET THAT FUCKING WHEEL CHANGED.
RUSTLE!
DIG! DIG!!
VIOLENCE LEAVES ME HOLLOW. I DON'T KNOW WHY I DO IT. IT'S AN INSTINCT I CAN'T SUPPRESS. I REALLY OUGHT TO SEE A DOCTOR ABOUT IT, GET SOME PILLS OR SOMETHING.
TANK
SO WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO NOW?
WE'RE GONNA FUCKING DRIVE.
END.

YOU
I KNEED YOU IN THE BALL BAG
I KICKED YOU IN THE HEAD
I PUNCHED YOU IN THE WINDPIPE
AND NOW YOU'RE FUCKIN' DEAD

EVERYBODY LOVES
TANK GIRL
#2
HOW TO SHOOT QUITE GOOD
ON SALE AUGUST 15!!!